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Judge

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TOBACCO HOG.

The way to kill it is to follow the example of Wisconsin and Indiana, which have made it unlawful t[illegible], give away, or import into the state cigarettes or cigarette material. Let all the states do likewise.

Judge

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PRESIDENT CASTRO of Venezuela, who has appeared with success in the rôle of chief villain in a civil-war tragedy, is now enacting the principal part in a lively comedy of many scenes. The little dictator of the South American republic is apparently seeking trouble with as many nations as possible. Almost daily he strikes a new heroic attitude and defies another power. His behavior is often as farcical as that of the boy who imagines he is a dreaded pirate. He is even credited with a belief in his ability to make it hot for Uncle Sam in a stand-up fight. The funniest phase of the whole situation is the dazed condition into which the saucy actions of this porcupine ruler have thrown the bigger powers.

* * *

THE ANNUAL moving-day in the big cities will soon be here with all the bustle and confusion attending the exchanging of homes by tens of thousands of discontented people. Houses that have become objectionable will be abandoned for others that will, as quickly as their defects are discovered, prove just as unsatisfactory as the old ones. Flats that seem now intolerable will be given up for equally cramped, noisy and uncomfortable quarters. The disgusted city man will move out into the country and the suburbanite, who has had more than his fill of bucolic joys, will migrate back to town. And so the merry round of change peculiar to the spring season will go on, and uneasy, nomadic mortals will vainly seek externals that shall give full satisfaction and contentment. All this may strike a toplofty philosopher as childish and irrational. But it is in obedience to a powerful instinct, and a variety of experience often has a tonic effect on human beings. Could only one additional item be added to the spring list of removals the blessedness of the custom would be amply evident. If only the hordes of the unemployed and pauperized could find their way from the overcrowded towns to the rural regions and there make a brace for permanent self-support, instead of weighing or preying on society, both themselves and the rest of the world would be greatly benefited. But this is a yet far-distant boon.

* * *

THERE ARE many varieties of the hog in America, but the one pre-eminently entitled to first prize in the national show is the tobacco hog. Sitting in the restaurant of trade—as our artist sees him—he pre-empts the only good chair and monopolizes the principal part of the food-supply therein. His huge dimensions so fill up the place as to leave scant room for any other habitué. On the platter before him is heaped high the big portion that he requires for a meal, and with the always well-sharpened knife of greed he is preparing to cut off generous slices for his own delectation. Not one morsel will he spare for a less fortunate creature's needs. Does he have any sympathy or mercy for the wretched little man station on the other side of the commercial table, with a mere lowly box for a seat and a paltry patty for a fast-breaker? No. The tobacco hog intensely enjoys his small and hungry competitor's predicament, and grunts his satisfaction at having the vastly bigger share of the provender. He does not eat to live, he only lives to eat; and his ever-swelling proportions reveal the bloating effect of his rapacity. But hogs fatten for a killing, and the time of slaughter may be approaching this enormous beast. "Eat, drink and be merry" is his motto; but the popular will is about to serve on him the warning, "To-morrow you die." Uncle Sam is eying him with disgust and bestowing pity on the weaker fellow in the struggle. The states are beginning a crusade against the deadly cigarette, from the scattering of which broadcast the tobacco hog mainly derives his subsistence. The day is rapidly nearing when he will be asphyxiated in the smoke of his own producing.

* * *

THE RUSSIAN LEGIONS in Manchuria fancied at first that the war would scarcely be more serious than a dress-parade, with the addition of a little wholesome exercise in pursuing the puny Japs. But their dreams of an easy time were soon rudely shattered, and they became "chopping-blocks" for their little antagonists. The jiu-jitsu tactics of the brave and wonderfully active brown men proved a good deal more than too much for the clumsy Muscovites, in spite of the latter's game resistance. But that does not explain in full their disastrous overthrow. The Japs, had they not had a powerful ally—an insidious enemy to Russia, lurking in her own camp—might not so crushingly have defeated their big opponents. History may relate that the real conqueror of the Russians was graft. The czar's troops were poorly trained, badly officered, and miserably equipped. Worthless cannon, non-exploding shells, defective small arms, shoddy clothing, and insufficient food (but an overabundance of vodka) were what the military department had to show for the expenditure of tens of millions of dollars that would have sufficed to buy ample and honest supplies for the men in the field. Large percentages of the appropriations for the army were embezzled by the corrupt high government officials. The host of grafters saw to it that their immense country was totally unprepared for a combat with a far smaller power, and the result was national humiliation and shame. Grafting flourishes to a greater or less extent in every land, and it is one of the dangers of our own big republic. But we have a president who is determined that Uncle Sam shall not be made the victim of this evil and shorn by it of his readiness for attack and defense. The president is turning down the grafters as fast as they turn up, and it will not be his fault if we do not make a good showing when, as some predict, we have a clash with Japan, or even when Bombastes Castro's mighty army invades our territory.

HER RICH FIANCÉ.

MISS TOPNOTCH—"She always said he was such a monotonous chap. I don't see why she ever accepted him."

HARRY FASTSET—"Perhaps she wants to break the monotony."

A LITTLE DIFFERENT.

JENKS (*before landing*)—"They told me the dern machine was eighty horse-power, but the dern thing acts more like eighty-mule power!"

VAN BOOZER'S CALL.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

J. STUYVESANT VAN BOOZER went from his ancestral halls in an overhanging Harlem flat with buckram-covered walls—to-day upon his ladye-love he'd make the call of calls. His "glad rags" sang a truly sweet epithalamium, and the clamor of his waistcoat made all other noises dumb, for the day was pregnant with events affecting years to come.

Gabrielle de Montmorency was a maiden fair to see. She knew he'd pop the question, and her heart throbbed merrilee, at the oriel window of her home in Williamsburg, E. D. The road to Williamsburg is long and moments often flag; so van Boozer had recourse to things that banish mental fag, with the sad result that he piled up a most hilarious jag.

"I love him!" cried the maiden, "and I'll answer yes this day. My heart and wealth at his patrician feet I'll proudly lay—my mansion and my white-winged yacht in fair Gowanus bay." But when van Boozer staggered in zig-zag at ten p. m.—"Shay, giss a dri' 'n then (hic) kiss, Gab'll' (hic) yer a gem"—and the sentence was concluded by some Doric apothegm—the maiden uttered not a word, her heart was full of woe. Why should a Montmorency be insulted—treated so? She pointed to the door and said dramatically, "Go!"

And that is how van Boozer lost his only snap in life. His days are still the bachelor's, 'mid loneliness and strife, while the fair de Montmorency is another fellow's wife. The moral—Call while sober when your girl in you believes. To see you spiflicated her poor heart it sorely grieves; but after you are married 'tis "another pair of sleeves."

E. G.

FASHIONABLE.

THE beautiful lady in the twentieth-century fairy-tale was about to be married. Adorned with jewels almost as dazzling and costly as those worn by the bride, the good fairy appeared.

"I have come," she said, "to touch you with my magic wand, so you will live happily ever afterward."

"It's awfully sweet of you," responded the bride cordially; "but, don't you know, that wouldn't be at all fashionable now."

HER FUTURE ASSURED.

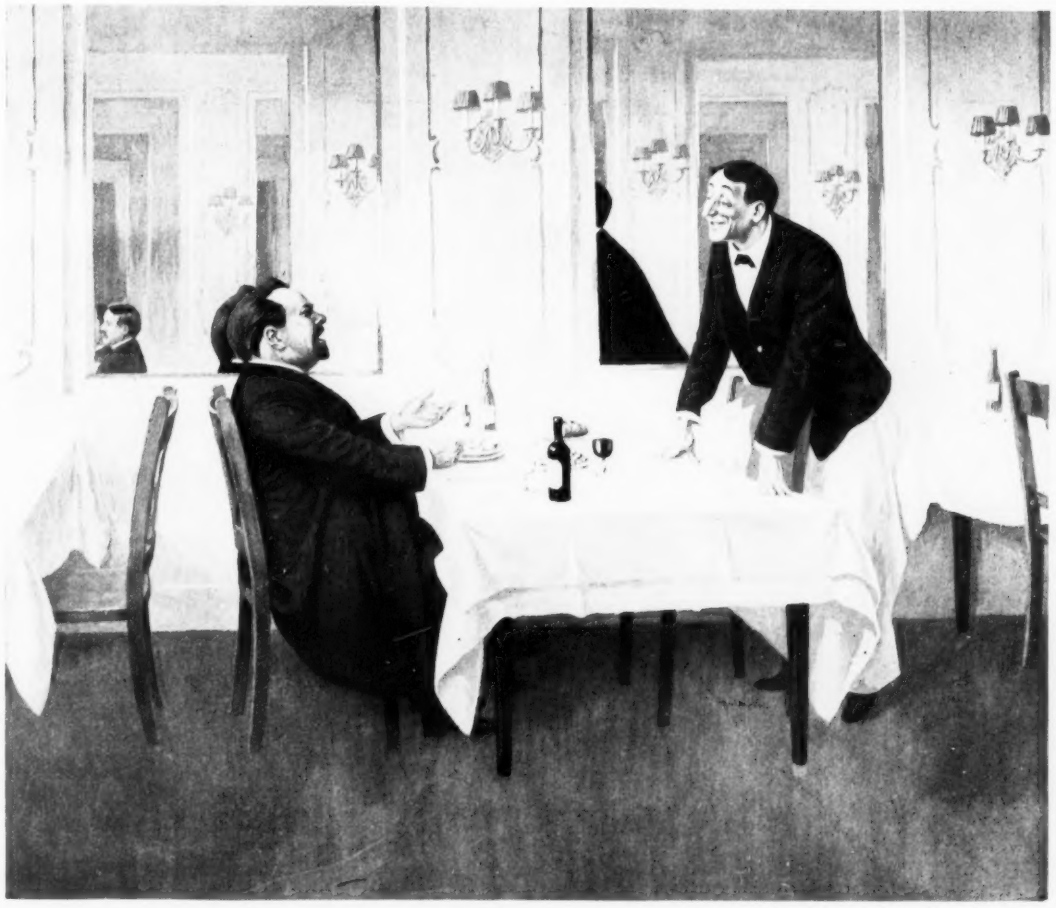
SHE was one of five beautiful sisters, and the young man didn't seem to be able to centre his affections on any particular one of them.

"Yes," she said shyly; "I have been working in the kitchen all day. Mamma thinks it is wonderful the way I have learned to cook. I baked bread and pies to-day, and besides that got the dinner, as it was the cook's day off."

"That is fine," said the young man. "Miss Imogene," he continued, while she tried not to look expectant, "there is a question I want to ask of you, and on your reply will depend much of my future happiness."

"And what is it?" she asked, edging a trifle nearer to him.

"If I should marry one of your sisters will you make your home with us?"



EXPLAINING IT.

ANGRY CUSTOMER—"I say, waiter! you needn't try to make me believe these are Blue Points."
SMILING WAITER—"Beg pardon, sir; they're Blue Points, sir, but you can't notice the color in this light, sir."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

IDA STANHOPE IN "PRINCE OF PILSEN."

A handsome, winsome, smiling sprite,
Born to a happy fate:
In mirth and music you delight,
And so delight create.

Your soulful eyes upon us beam
Like crystal fires of eve:
Your graceful acting is a dream,
And when it ends we grieve.

PAPA WAS HASTY.

THE beautiful American heiress who married the dashing duke had returned home in distress.

"Has that scoundrel deserted my little girl?" roared the enraged father.

"*Papa!*" she exclaimed indignantly. "I shall be angry if you speak that way of the duke. He has not deserted me; I am only out of money."

FAME AT LAST.

"AT LAST!" sighs Mr. Hoopalong, the ambitious statesman. "At last I feel that my position in the public eye is permanent."

"You have won a brilliant victory in statecraft?" we ask.

"Not yet; but to-day's papers nearly all have paragraphs beginning, 'An amusing anecdote is told of the honorable Mr. Hoopalong.'"

HE GUESSED.

UNCLE HIRAM had promised his little nephew to get him a St. Bernard dog — that is, the little nephew had told him that was what he wanted. Entering the kennels, Uncle Hiram was soon bewildered by the array of collies, terriers, bulldogs, spaniels, and pups of high and low degree.

"Blest if I can remember exactly the name of that dog the boy wants," he said to the attendant. "Maybe if I look around a little I'll see one that'll suggest the name to me."

So he was left to his own devices for a while. Soon he called to the attendant and indicated a fine greyhound.

"I guess that's the dog the boy wants," he said. "It runs in my head that he told me to get him a Sarah Bernhardt dog, and so this must be it."

NO AMATEUR.

GLADYS—"Jerrold says his fiancée is a prize."
ETHEL—"Well, she must be a cash prize, then. Jerrold is no amateur."

LOGICAL.

MOSE POSSUM—"Does yo' know wot 'impale' means, Pete?"
PETE PERSIMMONS—"Suttinly. 'Impale' means fo' a pusson ter grow pale."
MOSE POSSUM—"Wot ignerance! 'Impale' means ter be transfixed on a sharp-pointed implement."
PETE PERSIMMONS—"Wa-al, ain't dat enough ter make a pusson grow pale?"

1.

NERVY NAT—"The problem of how to keep on the earth without working gets more difficult day by day. Now, here we have the vaudeville. To him who presents a new thing comes celebrity and coin. I am he—him is me. Vaudeville for mine. Why? Because an idea has perched on the cross-beams of my cerebral conning-tower."

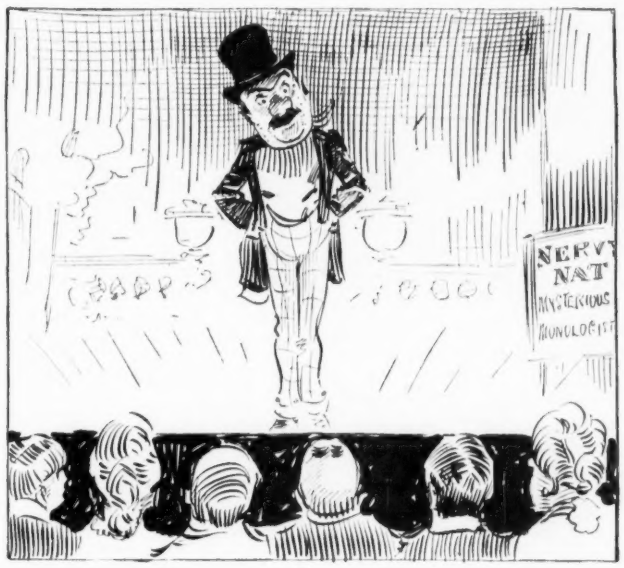
2.

VAUDEVILLE MANAGER—"You say you can't give a rehearsal?"

NERVY NAT—"No; I don't rehearse. My act will have to be billed 'Nervy Nat, the mysterious monologist.' All I can promise you is that my performance will be without precedent on the variety stage. I may add, for your easiness of mind, that I guarantee it to be strictly moral; also it will be the greatest novelty and surprise to the audience."

3.

NERVY NAT—"Me next—just as soon as Bridget Méringue finishes that touching song, 'Who placed prussic acid in father's buckwheat cakes?' She may get a call-back; then she'll sing 'When mother caught the janitor sneaking up the speaking-tube.' I'm sandwiched in between Miss Méringue and the trained broiled lobsters. I wonder why people get stage-fright? I'm as cool as a cold-storage turkey."



4.

NERVY NAT—"I've promised something different. Here it is. I have traveled much, seen many gatherings of peoples, and I've made a profound study of generic man; but—BUT—of all the stupid, silly, fat-headed, mush-witted, clod-hopping, pulp-minded, pumpkin-brained, idiotic, imbecile, provincial, rubber-necked, neutralized, gum-chewing, thick-skinned hunks of asphalt I have ever seen, you—YOU—are the extreme limit and return. Why, your craniums are so heavily triple-plated that"——

5.

THE AUDIENCE—"Kill the brute! Choke him! Lynch him! Grab him! Kick him out!"

NERVY NAT—"As I was saying, your craniums are so triple-plated that in order to get an idea through the crust a contract would have to be let out to the same company that drilled the subway"——

6.

NERVY NAT—"Well, I had the audience with me—that is, until I could get away. They'll have something to talk over afterward. Bet the trained lobsters get an awful frost after my act. My little speech made Richard Mansfield's curtain-speeches look like rank flattery."

NO. 70.—NERVY NAT DOES A TURN.

POLITICS VS. BEDFELLOWS.
G. O. P.—"Go away! You can't cuddle up to me in this matter."

HOW NOT TO BE AN AUTHOR.

IN THESE piping times of war nothing is impossible. It is even possible not to become an author, with care. Any intelligent person may succeed.

RULES.

Do not read. By reading one is bound to get a lot of ideas not his own. From these ideas the temptation to write a book is too great; therefore avoid it. Besides, by not reading you are almost sure to have original ideas of your own, which is the only safe way. Because even if you should write a book under these circumstances no publisher would take it.

Do not talk. By talking, especially when you acquire some facility in this direction, you will find that the habit of dictation — with typewriters in every lobby — will grow upon you, and even before you know it you will be dashing off three volumes of reminiscences or an autobiography.

Do not allow yourself to stop thinking. Many a prominent author, in the intervals between two thoughts, has written a book. As long as you are using your brain regularly you are immune.

Don't open or read your mail. You might have to wait some days before anything happened; but in the course of time you will be bound to get a letter from some publisher, asking you why you haven't written a three-volume novel on your last house-cleaning experience.

Join some good, reliable authors' club; for in a case like this you should mingle all you can with people who never write books themselves.

TOM MASSON.

AN UNFORTUNATE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SWIPESY (*working the pulley*) — "Dere ain't no good reason dat a telegraft lineman should go widout clean shirts an' underwear, even if he is out uv a job."

HIS INSPIRATION.

"PROFESSOR," we say to the great scientist, "you surely are to be complimented upon your wonderful reconstruction of the extinct dinothycobrasaur, or whatever it is, from a fossilized knuckle-bone. How in the world could you know so perfectly well what it looked like?"

"Well, sir," he responds, "I don't mind telling you that the reconstruction was the result of an inspiration I received one night after having attended a wine-dinner each evening for a week. Some way or other, I saw that brute just as I have rebuilt it here in the museum."

AUNTY ANT'S ANTICS.

"AUNT ANT," said the little-boy ant,
"Has promised to give me a penny
If I will learn this—but I can't:
"Has your poor old Aunt Ant any antennæ?"

BEFORE THE AMALGAMATION.

SHE—"So you loved me for six months before you dared tell me?"
HE—"Yes. Your dad was mixed up in that copper deal, and I thought he was on the wrong side of the market."

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GRAFT—T C

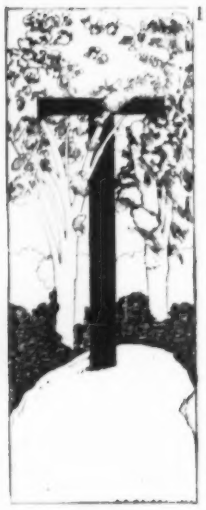
ROOSEVELT—"I'm fighting the GRAFT evil, so that may n

—THE CONQUEROR.

"so that may not be placed in a like predicament one of these days."

THE HEIRESS.

"The title follows the girl."—*Senator Depew.*



THE heiress at her shining mirror stands
Toys with her glittering millions, more or less—
And murmurs, "Am I pretty? Well, I guess!
I hold the future in these jeweled hands."
Now for a gay career in wedlock's bands—
Not with the native product—such a mess
Were monstrous. Heinrich, duke of Limburg-Pless,
Arrives and bears her off to foreign lands.
Hers is the empty title; his the gold
Amassed in honest pork to spend and bet
In one continuous round of jagging joy.
Aye, even as Paris in the days of old
Among his pals with glee blew in the net
Proceeds of Helen's laundry-work in Troy.

EUGENE GEARY.

SLIGHT ERROR.

"JOHN," said the devoted wife, "you told me that there was a photograph over at Midgely's that reminded you so much of me."

"Did I?" asked John.

"Yes. Don't you remember? It was the day Mr. Midgely had you in to see how he was having his stairway remodeled. I was over there to-day and I didn't see any photograph anywhere in the house that looked the least bit like me. Was it in an album?"

"Photograph? My dear, I said a phonograph."

MUST HAVE BEEN ABSENT.

"Mrs. Quaintly wasn't at the reception this afternoon, was she?"
"What makes you think she wasn't?"
"Since you got back you've done nothing but tell me things you've heard about her."

A TANTALIZING OBSTACLE.

COHEN (*in the Adirondacks*)—"Shoodt, shoodt, Abie! Mein Gott! vy don'dt you shoodt?"
ABIE—"I can't get a bead on der game, Cohen. Mein nose hides der gun-sights ven I sqvint along der barrel."

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

M'CORDSVILLE.

AL RIGGERS was in town transacting business last week. He says his folks have all been ailing, but he has been sitting up with a sick horse, and it's the first chance he has had to come to town and get them any medicine.

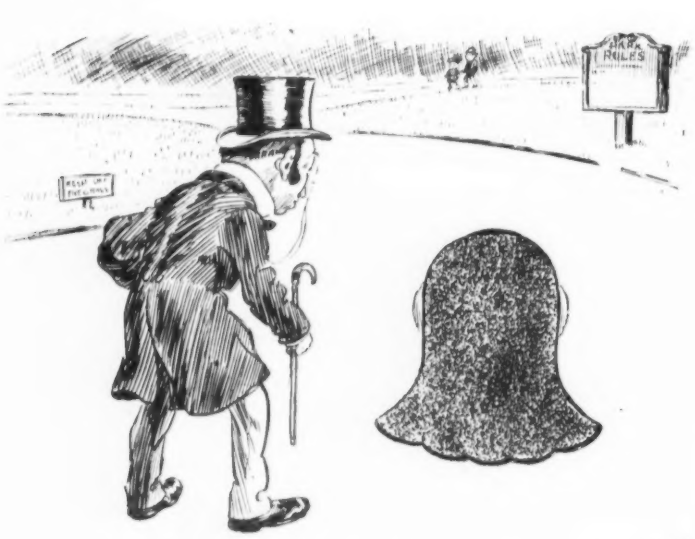
Old "Satan" Bainbridge, our town atheist, is very low, and quite a crowd is going over to see him die.

Professor N. Manning Atwater, principal of the school, was out in his new suit of clothes made recently at Mode Hastings's. Jake Bentley says they fit him like a wet umbrella half open.

Miss Hairott Wiggens is visiting here from Tie Siding. She would be a good-looking girl if she just fixed her hair different. It's in the form of a big flute in front and in the shape of a question-mark behind. Jake Bentley says that's the question, "Is it real?"

The death-angel swooped down on the peaceful home of Jingly Jones, east of the sawmill, Monday, and bore him quietly away. Jingly had been a sufferer for many weeks. The tubes through which the wind reached the lobes of his lungs got choked up, and death came as a great boon. Death loves a shining light, and it certainly hit a dandy when it loosened up on Jingly.

DAVID GIBSON.



IT HAD.

PROFESSOR NEARSYTE—"Very antique bell, that. Wonder if it has a tongue?"

THE BELL(E) (*arising from fixing her shoe-lace*)—"Sir-r-r!"

The great literary gentleman was sitting at his desk working diligently.

He was performing a difficult stunt for a great publishing-house that was exceedingly enterprising.

He would write a line or two and then impatiently run his pencil through it.

Then he would write more.

At last he looked up in despair and said,

"I simply cannot do it. If that publishing-house wants an edition of Longfellow's poems translated into the Kentucky language they'll have to put somebody else at the desk. This is all I have accomplished so far:

'Distil sad heart, and cease refining;
Behind the hills they are still moonshining.'"

And closing his desk with a bang the great literary person strode forth into the sunshine. *Baltimore American.*

Abbott's Angostura Bitters make the best cocktail for family use. Druggists.

Johnny Porkpack—"Pa, what is Baconian literature?"

Papa Porkpack—"Why, my son, it is quotations printed by the papers on the price of bacon. For instance, to-day it is selling for ten cents. I am glad to see you interested in these things, my boy. It shows that you are preparing to take your old father's place in our great business when I am gone."—*Dallas News.*

Pretty Spring has entered,
Standing now is she;
Winter reads his paper,
Feigning not to see.
—*New York Times.*

"You may become bald, but baldness will not become you."

Systematic Shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

means healthy hair and scalp and prevents premature baldness

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprop, "it was a grand sight. First came the king, carrying a spectre in his hand and wearing a beautiful red mantle all trimmed with vermin. It was a grand sight."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Pimples

Every night just before going to bed, wash the face with hot water and Glenn's Sulphur Soap and you will get rid of pimples.

This soap contains enough pure sulphur to make it a specific for skin diseases. Insist on having the genuine

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25c. a cake at drug stores, or mailed for 30c. by THE O. N. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 c'ts.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Caller—"What a beautiful baby! and what is its name?"

Young mother—"Bridget Sullivan de Vere."

Caller—"Mercy sakes! How did you happen to give it a name like that?"

Young mother—"Why, the cook threatened to leave when baby came, and we got her to stay by naming the baby after her."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Golf, shooting, beautiful drives, riding, well-kept tennis-courts, squash, and delightful society are a few of the features at the Hotel Bon Air, Augusta, Georgia. C. G. Trussell, Manager.

"How do you like my new low-neck dress?" asked the Chicago society lady, as she came into the presence of her husband, just before going out to dinner.

"It's all to the good, dear," replied the man of affairs; "but where on earth are you a-goin' to tuck your napkin?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I declare," sighed the young wife, we are greatly disappointed in you."

"In what way, mum?" demanded the new girl.

"Why, you came here to do general work. All you do is order the entire household around."

"Well, mum, isn't that general work? The work of a general is to order."—*Chicago News.*

THE preliminary zest to a vivacious dinner is supplied by CLUB COCKTAILS. No *made-by-guesswork* cocktail can be as satisfactory. The flavor, taste, and strength of CLUB COCKTAILS are unequalled. Choice liquors, delicately blended and aged to a mellow body, make CLUB brand peculiarly fit for home dinners. Just strain through cracked ice and serve. CLUB is *the* cocktail for the knowing ones.

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Only warerooms in Greater New York.

Wife—"Do you believe that marriage is a lottery?"

Husband—"No; I don't."

Wife—"Why not?"

Husband—"Because when a man draws a blank in a lottery he can tear it up and take another chance."—*Illustrated Bits.*

"Yes, he's pretty poor now; couldn't make his business a success. He didn't have much to start with."

"Well, there's some comfort in that."

"Comfort?"

"Yes; he'd be still poorer if he'd had more to start with"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Plunger—"Hi, there, waiter! Bring me a bottle of champagne."

Excited crowd—"Serobo wins!"

Plunger—"Hi, there, waiter! Make that order a glass of beer, instead!"—*Somerville Journal.*

Americans with a discriminating taste prefer

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Homely lecturer—"Women, my friends, are invariably hard to please."

Voice (in the audience)—"One moment, please. Are you married?"

Homely lecturer (irritably)—"Yes, sir; I am."

Voice—"Is your wife happy?"

Lecturer (proudly and indignantly)—"Yes, sir; she is!"

Voice—"Then, sir, you're a liar."—*Baltimore American.*

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Dumley—"Do you take your breakfast down town?"

Quibble—"Yes; but I eat it at home."—*Boston Transcript.*

NERVY NAT

HIS ADVENTURES

By J·M·Flagg

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Maturity, Purity, Flavor.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Tommy—"Paw, you're always talking about moral courage. What is moral courage?"

Mr. Tucker—"It is the sort of courage, my boy, that enables a man who has had a poor feed at a swell restaurant to go out without tipping the waiter."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Man wants but little here below,"
The proverb rouses vain regrets.
It would be soothing were it so—
That's what he generally gets.
—*Washington Star.*

"Didn't papa say anything when you asked him for my hand?"

"If he did I did not hear him. I was traveling faster than the sound of his voice."—*Houston Post.*

Advertise in the

EASTER JUDGE

Published April 18th

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Dr. Dosem—"To what does Dr. Cutter owe his immense success?"

Dr. Bleedham—"He confines himself entirely to office practice."

Dr. Dosem—"Well, I don't see"—

Dr. Bleedham—"People who are able to walk into the office aren't very sick—they just think they are."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"The last time I saw Gayley he wasn't very—er—regular in his habits."

"Oh! he's very regular now."

"Well, well! I didn't think he'd ever reform."

"He hasn't. His habits are all bad now."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Nothing like Abbott's Angostura Bitters for that "tired feeling." Best for all seasons.

"Flutterby told me that his wife invariably makes her own bonnets."

"And would you want me to make my own bonnets?"

"It's—it's different with you, my dear. Mrs. Flutterby always looks well, no matter what she wears."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Our friend Reckless has an automobile, hasn't he?"

"I don't know."

"Why, you told me yesterday you saw him out in it."

"Yes; but that was yesterday."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

He who drinks and runs away
May live to drink another day;
But he who makes himself a tank
Is bound to shortly walk the plank.
—*Medford Mercury.*

Gibbler—"Are you going to take a fishing-trip this spring?"

Scribbler—"Can't spare the time. I've a lot of fishing experiences of the season to write for the magazines."—*Chicago News.*

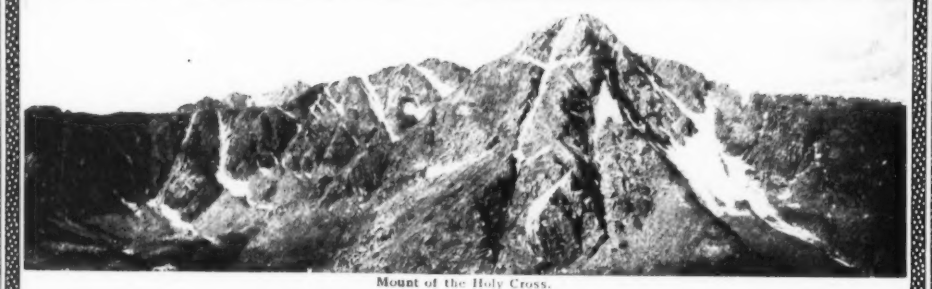
Belle—"I've heard every one of the grand operas, dear."

Blanche—"Yes; how nice it must be to have a phonograph on one's parlor table."—*Chicago News.*

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

THE "PUBS"—"Wot is Lent, anyhow?"
THE PUG (*sadly*)—"That's the time of year when there's forty Fridays comes together. My! but I *do* get tired of fish!"



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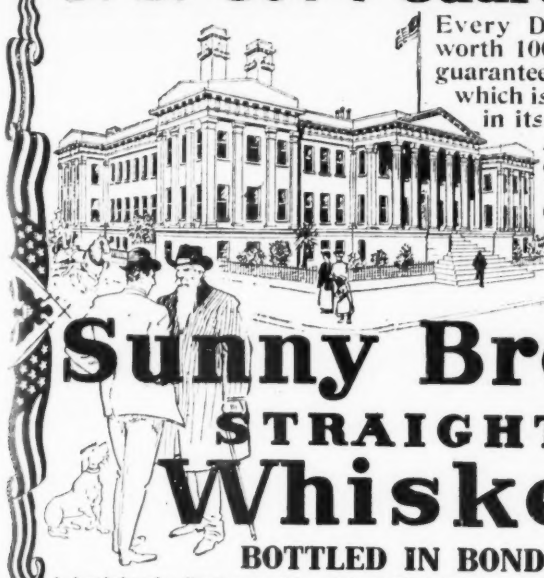

Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey
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Is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded **Grand Prize and Gold Medal** at St. Louis World's Fair.

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SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

DILG AGENCY

"Hello, Pat! How do yez loike your new house?"

"Faith, an' I loike it well enough, except for the attic, an' that's too high up."

"Shure, thin, why don't yez put the attic on the ground flure?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

"Who is that handsome middle-aged woman with white hair?"

"That is Mrs. de Brown. She is prematurely old."

"And her youthful friend with the dark hair?"

"That is her mother—she is prematurely young."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"When I saw her last she seemed to have fallen in love with him."

"Oh, yes; but that was some time ago. She is suing him now for breach of promise."

"Trying to get damages for the fall, eh?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

MICHIGAN
SUMMER RESORTS

There is no more entrancing summer country in the world than the

Great Lake Country

It is mountains and seashore in one.

Write for booklets of information to

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A.

Pere Marquette Railroad

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You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Reporter—"Were you quoted correctly in that interview in the morning papers?"

Senator—"Come around the day after to-morrow. How can I tell until I see how the interview is going to be taken?"—*Tom Watson's Magazine.*

Employer (to presumptuous clerk)—"Are you the boss here, I'd like to know?"

Clerk—"No, sir; but"——

Employer—"Well, don't talk like a fool, then."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Mrs. Trout—"Any gossip?"

Mrs. Bass—"Yes; the Shads have terrible skeletons in their family."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Bly—"A man with a past is always the most interesting kind; don't you think so?"

Miss Sly—"Well, no. To tell the truth, I am looking for one with a future."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Yes," said the would-be author, "I've taken a house in the country, but it will be necessary for me to engage a gardener. There's quite a plot of ground around the house; too much for me to handle.'

"Yes,' replied Crittick, absent-mindedly; "you never could handle a plot, could you?'—*Catholic Standard.*

"Anyhow, you can't deny that Hewligus is a self-made man. He worked his way through college."

"He certainly did. He worked nearly every student in the institution."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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ON CREDIT

Send for our 1905 Catalogue and select the **Diamond** that you would like to wear and own. We will send it for examination, paying all express charges ourselves. If it pleases you you may pay one-fifth of the price and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. Guarantee of value and quality accompanies every Diamond. We are the only Diamond Cutters selling their product at retail, and can make lower prices than any other house in the business. We won the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition, against the combined efforts of all domestic and foreign exhibitors. Our Catalogue is the best and most reliable guide for buyers of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Write for it today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., (Est. 1858.)
Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers
Dept. D 40, 92 to 98 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

ETHEL—"Jack 's living like a lord now."
GLADYS—"Is, eh?"
ETHEL—"Yes. Married a rich girl and living on her income."

CHALFONTE
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

This modern Fireproof House accommodating 600 was opened July 2, 1904, for its 37th consecutive season after the expenditure of over $600,000.00 for improvements.

The pavilion with three decks open on all sides affords a splendid view of the Boardwalk and Surf, and the Loggia and Sun Space on the Tenth Floor command the Atlantic Ocean for 20 miles.

The public spaces are numerous, spacious and elegant. The chambers are large and well furnished. The dining-room is light and airy with ample seating capacity. The bath-rooms have hot and cold sea and fresh water. There is a Long Distance Bell Telephone in every bedroom.

THE LEEDS COMPANY
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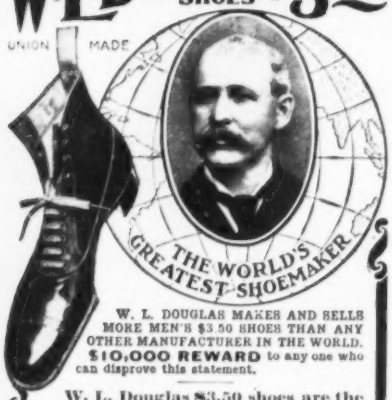
Chalfonte is Always Open

Write for Folder and Rates

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50

UNION MADE



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

$10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from $5.00 to $7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

"The Best I Ever Wore."

"I write to say that I have worn your $3.50 shoes for the past five years, and find them the best I ever wore."—Rev. Frank T. Ripley, 608 East Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas $2.50 and $2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest patent leather produced.

Fast Color Eyelets will not wear brassy.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. 25 cents extra prepays delivery.

If you desire further information, *write for Illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles.*

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There's Money in Leslie's Weekly

ACCURATE WAR NEWS FROM THE FAR EAST

Our Own Correspondent on the Field

Jasper's hints to money-makers will make and save money and alone are worth ten times the subscription price

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Leslie's Weekly

$4 PER YEAR
$1 FOR 3 MONTHS

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The Oldest and Best Fearless and Progressive

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Miss Wearyun—"Do you like singing?"

Mr. Borum—"Yes; I'm completely carried away with it."

Miss Wearyun—"Then I will sing."—*Chicago News.*

Bjones—"How did Jackson acquire his reputation for unusual insight and sagacity?"

Psmith—"He has a habit of saying 'By George, that's so! I never thought of that before.'"—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Schmer piano is the prime favorite for artists for both concert and private use.

Gayman (in front of the mirror)—"I don't know whether to wear a white necktie or a black one this evening. What is good form for a man over sixty?"

Mrs. Gayman—"Chloroform."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The *Four-Track News* goes like hot cakes and, incidentally, causes its many rivals in name to stand still like so many cold cakes. The April number is just out, and it is like a breath of spring-time perfumed with violets and sweetened by the songs of mating birds. It is to the epicurean mind the shad roe and bacon, the strawberries and cream and the rhubarb pie of thought; and it fits the moon of April even as snugly as do the bluebird, the Bermuda onion, the hepatica, and the circus. The *Four-Track News* for April takes its readers on an imaginary journey from the Land of the Midnight Sun to Porto Rico; from the Thousand Islands to Portland, Oregon. This number includes also articles upon old New York, Valley Forge, Newfoundland, the Isle of Jersey, Tangier—the strange little Virginian island—the Lorelei monument, the Muskingum river, the Lübeck shipping house, the National Road, Tubby Hook, Chambly, old Welsh towns, the lakes of the Shawangunk mountains, and many others, including a trip by rail to the mountain peaks of Colorado, a sketch of the Lewis and Clark exposition, etc. There are many strikingly beautiful illustrations, while the poems, humor and items of interest will be found especially entertaining.

The *Four-Track News* is one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy, and can be had of George H. Daniels, publisher, 7 East Forty-second street, New York, or at any news-stand.

DRINK

Miller

HIGH LIFE

THE BEST

MILWAUKEE BEER

WEDDING NOTE.
A bridle party.

DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?

IF YOU are thinking about Building a House an investment of $1.00 now will save you hundreds of dollars in building a house, by getting the latest and most practical ideas of the noted and capable architect, Mr. George Palliser. We therefore desire to call your special attention to our new book just issued and containing over

One Hundred Up-to-date House Plans

The title of this book is

GEORGE PALLISER'S MODERN BUILDINGS

A new up-to-date book, containing **over one hundred plans,** all new (1902), of houses ranging in cost from $500 to $20,000; also plans of Public Library Buildings, Summer Hotels, Stables, Public Halls, etc., etc.

This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built, and invaluable to everyone thinking of building, by reason of their having been, with very few exceptions, planned in the ordinary course of a busy architect's practice during the last few years, and built in various parts of the country within the prices given.

Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home sites, members of building associations, land companies, real estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, $1.00. Bound in cloth, $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. Remit by money order or check—don't send currency.

Constituent—"Now, Mr. Wunnout, I wish you'd do your best to get my boy a good government job."

Congressman—"Well, what can your son do?"

Constituent—"What can he do? Great Scott, man! if he could do anything I wouldn't be bothering you!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Tess—"I thought you weren't going to send Marie MacInnes an invitation to your tea?"

Jess—"Oh, I decided that I couldn't hurt her feelings that much."

Tess—"So you sent her one?"

Jess—"Yes; but I addressed it to Miss Mary McGinnis."—*Philadelphia Press.*

We have received from the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, Indiana, "The Pioneer," which is a love-story of charm and distinction, handling a passionate theme with a rare skill. And it is a warm-hearted book of the far west which will prove a winner at any point of the compass, while it moves you with the glow of its own life.

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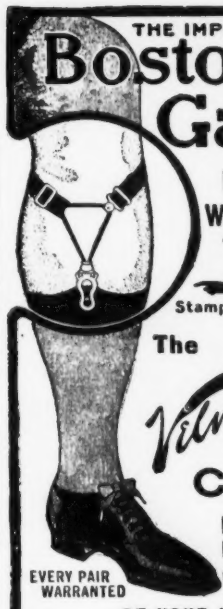
Boston Garter
KNOWN AND WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD
The NAME is Stamped on Every Loop

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Lies flat to the leg — Never slips, tears, nor unfastens
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
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Economy is a watchword of the thrifty.

That's one reason so many prosperous people use Pears' Soap. *There's no waste about it.* It wears out, of course.

On sale everywhere.

THE ARRIVAL OF MAYOR CHUBB.

MRS. CHUBB—"Why don't ye speak to him, paw?"

CYRUS CHUBB—"Oh, shucks, 'Mandy! I hain't time to notice every feller thet'll bow to me here in the city jest because I'm mayor of Chubb's Corners."

To sweetly wedge your way into her affections keep her well provided with
Whitman's
Chocolates and Confections
Sold everywhere.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1516 Chestnut St., Phila.

"Snifkins has a job now that will keep him busy."

"What is it?"

"He is damage agent for a man who owns six automobiles."—*Dallas News.*

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted.
A positive relief for Chapped hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample Free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
We are selling the BEST NEW CROP
50c. TEAS
in the U. S.
Oolong, Eng. Breakfast, Gunpowder, Souchong, Congou Mixed, Japan, Young Hyson, Imperial, Ceylon.
Good Oolongs, Mixed and Eng. Breakfast, 25 & 30c. lb.
We are selling the BEST
25c. COFFEE
Good Roasted COFFEES, 12, 15, 18 and 20c. a lb.
SPECIAL OFFER
ON a SAMPLE ORDER of $5.00 and upwards of Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts and Baking Powder, we will allow you 20 per cent. off and pay all express charges, so that you may thoroughly test the quality of the goods. This is a chance that is seldom offered; it gives all a chance to purchase our goods at less than cost.
For full particulars and prompt attention, address
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A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years.
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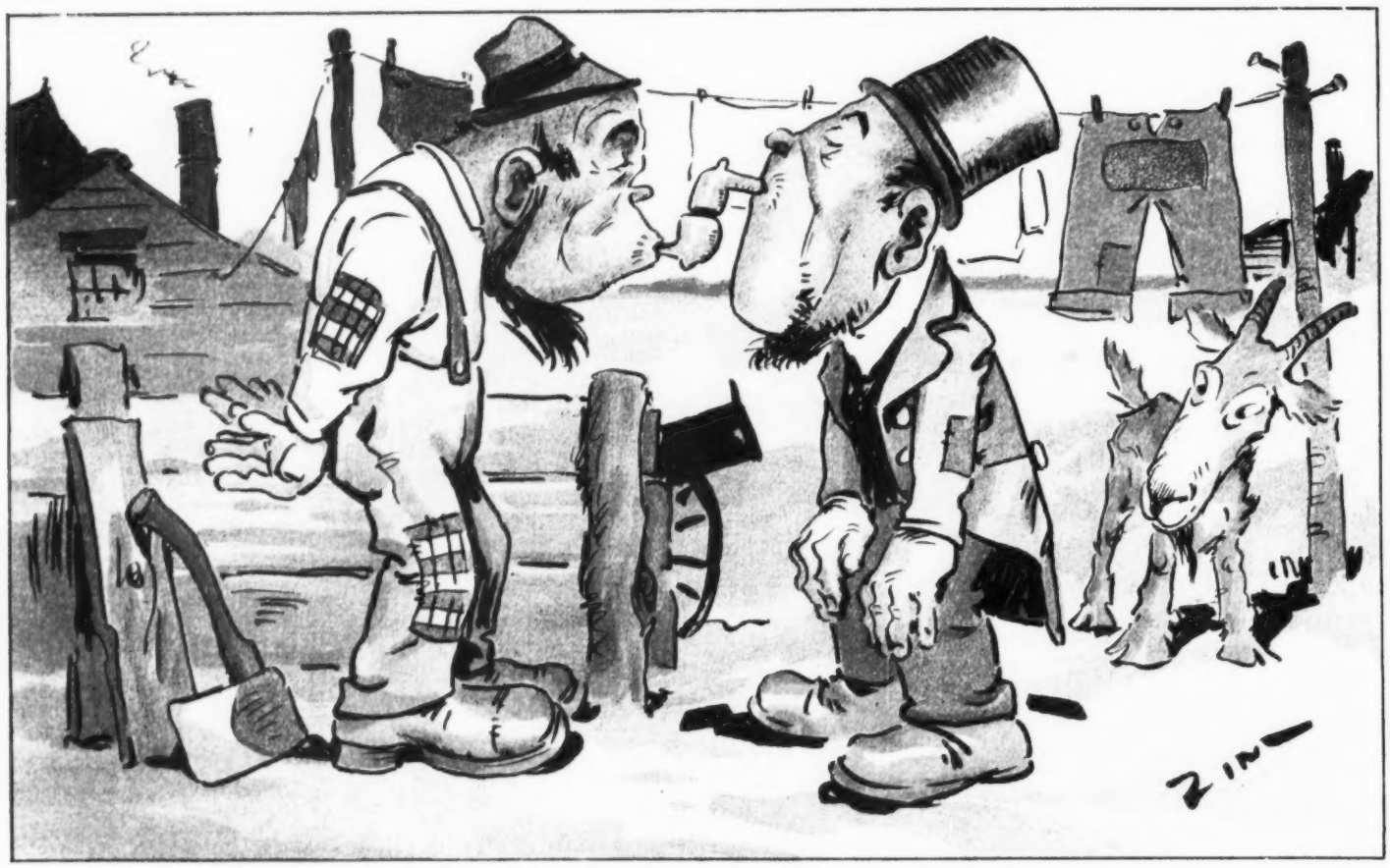

A WASTE OF TIME.

DOOLAN—"Ould man Costigan was all his loife a-layin' up money fer a rainy day; an' they say he cried when he died because he cudn't take it wid him."
MURPHY—"An' shmall good it wud hev done him if he cud. There'll be no 'rainy days' where ould Costigan is goin'."

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A RELIEF FROM THE BEASTLY CIGARETTE.

PHILANTHROPIST—"Isn't it terrible to be shut up like this, away from all your friends?"
CONVICT—"Aw, no, lady! Most uv me friends smoke cigarettes."